

# Good Morning

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The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Tabloid Tales by W. H. MILLIER

## THE KIPPER SCORES

IN the days of the boxing boom, when shows were held on every day of the week, afternoon and evening, the work of the poor boxing reporter was hard and at times arduous. It was not made any easier by shoals of youngsters coming into the game and adopting names belonging to more illustrious performers.

The prevailing fashion was to use the words Young, Kid, or Nipper in front of a borrowed surname. This worried the old-

fashioned sport reporter, who, under the absurd notion that repetition meant an ill-written report, was perplexed when it came to ringing the changes on two Kids or Nippers, as the case may be.

One such was an old friend of mine, Teddy Humphries, whose main job was to report race meetings for the "Sporting Life." When flat racing ended, Teddy would become boxing reporter for the winter season, and, I may add, he was also a very good referee.

If you met Humphries, you at once decided that here was a man who would not stand any nonsense from anyone. He had decided views about most things, and it was not long before he made up his mind to squash all these Youngs, Kids and Nippers; and he asked me to support

him in this laudable attempt to keep up the dignity of the ring.

I suggested that we might attempt something to stem the flow, though I failed to see the need to become perturbed over it. At all events, we could try. The evening's work, or sport, if you like, was about to start. In came the first pair of would-be champions. Their names were given as Young Kipper and Kid Herring.

This was too much for Humphries. He didn't object to the Kipper or the Herring. No; it could be Tom Kipper and Fred Herring, but he certainly wasn't standing for any more Youngs or Kids.

Leaning towards the corner of the cut, dried and smoked youngster, he asked in a manner which meant that he didn't want any nonsense, "Come on, what's your right name?"

"Young Kipper," was the prompt answer.

"Well, you can have the Kipper, but what's your Christian name?"

"Young," was the answer.

"Come off it. I want your right name. You weren't christened Young, were you?"

"Yus, guv'nor; I was very young when I was christened."

Here this little story would end, that is, if it had been written, say, thirty-three years ago.

How the Kipper and the Herring would have disported themselves in righteous merriment did they but know that when Teddy Humphries pursued his campaign to make boxers use their correct names, this indignant reformer was not using his own name. It was not until his death that so many of his friends learned that his real name was Edward Coffin.

### Three visitors for STOKER DAN ARMITAGE



## IT WAS WORTH WAKING

WE woke Caroline from her afternoon nap. And she wasn't pleased a bit. After all, a lady is entitled to her shut-eye after lunch.

"What the heck! I was just having a lovely dream, and you spoilt the whole thing. Who are you, anyway? I don't like the look of your faces. Go away!"

She didn't say this, but you could tell what was passing through her mind as she waited a protest from her mother's arms.

For Caroline is only fourteen months old, and hasn't yet learnt to hide her feelings under a mask of politeness.

She is the baby daughter of Stoker Dan Armitage, serving in a submarine in the Mediterranean, and lives with her mother at Pen-y-hoerol, Caerphilly.

Dan has never seen her, though he knows what a plump, curly golden haired, blue-eyed kiddie he's got, from a coloured photograph he's had. And she knows all about Daddy.

"She picks up any piece of paper and takes it up to Dan's photograph on the mantelpiece and says, 'A letter for you, Daddy,'" Dan's pretty little wife, Megan, told us.

"And she's always asking when he's coming home. Dan went back from his leave only a fortnight before she was born."

Caroline forgot her indignation when she heard we were something to do with Daddy,

and from then on she gave us sweet smiles.

"Shan," Dan's terrier bitch, is her playmate when she's not romping with the other children in the gardens round about. And if she pulls "Shan's" ears or tail, the dog puts up with it patiently.

Every day Caroline goes running down the street all by herself to meet her grand-dad coming home from the pit, and comes hand-in-hand with him back to the house, where Mum-mie waits at the garden gate.

"She's very wicked, just like you, Dan," is the message the little Welsh wife sends to her husband.

had two letters from you this morning, and I do love having the snapshots. I hope you are having a good time. But I do hope you will be back for our second wedding anniversary on August 9."

There is something else Dan hasn't seen—the two rooms in her mother's home that Megan has lovingly furnished for the time when he comes home again. We won't tell him all about the spick and span furniture and the things that make it such a cosy place. It will be a surprise for him.

But there it is, Dan. Waiting for you. And waiting for you, too, are Megan, Caroline and "Shan." Good luck!



## BY GUM—HE FOUND A WINNER

By PETER DAVIS

JUST eighty years ago a restless American named Thomas Adams vainly tried to make a new setting for artificial teeth out of a chunk of chicle gum. No sooner had he slipped the plate into his mouth than he accidentally bit a piece off—and found it pleasant to chew.

So do you, and Britain is still the world's third largest consumer of chewing gum, with the U.S.A. first and Canada second.

Although this has a Silly Season, rather than a mint, flavour, an American scientist, Professor H. W. Hollingsworth, actually drew up a recent report on the "psycho-dynamics of chewing." For two years he kept ten men and ten women under observation, and tried to gauge the effects of their chewing. He sat them in trick

chairs to measure their elbow tension. He tried out their efficiency, chewing and not chewing. He gave them metabolism tests.

His conclusion was that "the collateral motor automatism involved in the sustained use of the conventional masticatory does result in the lowering of tension, and the tension thus reduced is muscular."

How come?

Four hundred years ago, when Cortez and his Spaniards invaded Mexico, they were impressed by the flashing teeth of the Aztec maidens . . . and discovered that chicle-chewing was the cause. Then, in 1860, chewing-gum woke up again when the Mexican General Santa Ana fled into exile, taking a chunk of gum to console him. He met Thomas Adams, and it didn't take that astute inventor very long before he discovered how to roll chicle into a sheet with his wife's rolling-pin and sell it as a confectionery.

It took time and training to make some countries take an interest. When an advertising campaign introduced chicle to Japan, for instance, the fool Japs insisted on swallowing the gum, and demonstrators had to go round to teach the East the art of chewing. Nowadays the world uses some 12,000,000lb. of chicle gum a year.

One ingenious man even tried to commit murder with chewing-gum. He had a bright idea of sending some with poison on it to his intended victim, but fortunately he forgot to disguise the taste of the poison.

Another chewer with gum in his blood has set himself up as a professional gum cleaner. He has built a thriving business by specialising in getting rid of the gum that clings to cinema carpets, bus seats and shop floors. It's more difficult than you might think, and a new solvent on the market promises a fortune for its inventor. It crumbles the gum into little bits and seemingly chews it up.

The desire to bite on something during intense physical effort and the relief which chewing-gum affords to routine is behind a Boom.

### Churchill No. 20



"Now, let me see, which one of you is a submarine commander?"

Reproduced from the London "Evening Standard," with acknowledgements to the artist.

### They say—what do you say?

**THEORY-QUERY.** THE economists are champion planners, but, judging from the immense amount of literature which flows from their pens, they do not as yet seem to have arrived even among themselves at any conclusion as to what they really want. Moreover, as they lack experience of real life, their theories are often disastrous in practice, and in most cases should remain theories only.

J. H. Clifford Johnston (London, S.W.7).

**CHICKEN IN THE POT.** "THE purpose of government," said Henri IV, "is that every peasant should have a chicken in his pot." That is the object of all this business of trade, production, exchange, all the paraphernalia of commerce. Chickens are not produced to be banded about the world like gold ingots.

Rt. Hon. Walter Elliott, M.P.

**PROPERTY FOR ALL.** WE want to build a world where all can become owners of property. The mistake that has been made in the past with regard to property has been its concentration in too few hands.

Ralph Assheton, M.P. (Finan. Secy. to Treasury).

**PEACE.** MAINTAINING a peace is like keeping a garden in good order. You have to work at it day in and day out. . . . If we are not to break faith with the boys who have died we must invent better machinery for weeding the world garden. Above everything else, we must have an intense desire to make this machinery succeed.

Henry Wallace (Vice-President, U.S.A.).

Send your Stories, Jokes and Ideas to the Editor



## Periscope Page

# WANGLING WORDS 52

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after LUVI, and make a word.

2. You'd meet the following in the farmyard, if you rearranged the letters correctly: FREE HI, KARDE, ELLPTU, DANGER, ABBIRT.

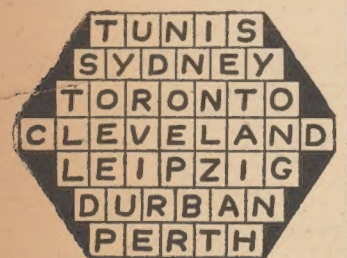
3. Can you change CAME into WENT, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration?

Change in the same way: MAKE into MEND, CUP into JUG, SEEK into FIND.

4. How many three-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word CHEAPER?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 51

- 1.—ENTHRONEMENT.
- 2.—LEOPARD.
- 3.—SICK, SILK, SILL, SELL, WELL.  
SOUP, SOAP, SOAR, SEAR, FEAR, FEAT, FIAT, FIST, FISH.  
SHOT, SPOT, SPAT, SPAR, SOAR, SOUR, SOUL, FOUL, FOAL, GOAL.  
SNOW, SNOB, SNUB, STUB, STUD, SPUD, SPED, SEED, HEED, HEEL, FEEL, FELL, FALL, FAIL, HAIL.
- 4.—Cate, Care, Carp, Pace, Tape, Pate, Peat, Pill, Pall, Call, Tall, Tale, Late, Tear, Liar, Rill, Pear, etc.  
Cater, Crate, Trace, Trice, Trail, Trill, Caper, Crape, Prate, Pater, Later, Cleat, Clear, Racer, Pleat, etc.



Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the hallux?
2. Who wrote (a) "Hard Cash," (b) "Hard Times"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Aida, Carmen, Faust, Mona Lisa, Iolanthe, Lohengrin?
4. Who was Attila?
5. Where are the Dukeries?
6. What is Bristol Milk?
7. What is meant by pusillanimous?
8. What is henna?
9. Who was Barry Lyndon?
10. What does a cubic foot of water weigh?
11. When were the Fiji Islands ceded to Britain?
12. Who won the Derby in 1939?

## Answer to Quiz in No. 89

1. Beaver's fur.
2. (a) Tom Hood, (b) William Blake.
3. Oboe, a wind instrument; the others are percussion.
4. (a) Island off N.W. Ireland; (b) island in the Firth of Clyde; (c) river in Sussex.
5. In Surrey, on the right bank of the Thames.
6. Veterinary.
7. An annual outing from a printing establishment.
8. Privet family.
9. "Nowhere."



WHEN I endeavoured to learn from him the motives which prompted them to hold me a prisoner, Marnoo again assumed that mysterious tone which had tormented me with apprehensions when I had questioned him with regard to the fate of my companion.

Thus repulsed, in a manner which only served, by arousing the most dreadful forebodings, to excite me to renewed attempts, I conjured him to intercede for me with the natives, and endeavour to procure their consent to my leaving them. To this he appeared strongly averse; but, yielding at last to my importunities, he addressed several of the chiefs, who with the rest had been eyeing us intently during the whole of our conversation. His petition, however, was at once met with the most violent disapprobation, manifesting itself in angry glances and gestures, and a perfect torrent of passionate words, directed to both him and myself.

I now perceived, with no small degree of apprehension, the same savage expression in the countenances of the natives which had startled me during the scene at the Ti. They glanced suspiciously from Marnoo to me, as if distrusting the nature of an intercourse carried on, as it was, in a language they could not understand, and they seemed to harbour the belief that already we had concerted measures calculated to elude their vigilance.

Marnoo, at the other extremity of the house, apparently desirous of making a diversion in my favour, exerted himself to amuse with his pleasantries the crowd about him; but his lively attempts were not so successful as they had previously been, and, foiled in his efforts, he rose gravely to depart. No one expressed any regret at this movement, so seizing his roll of tappa, and grasping his spear, he advanced to the front of the pi-pi, and waving his hand in adieu to the now silent throng, cast upon me a glance of mingled pity and reproach, and flung himself into the path which led from the house. I watched his receding figure until it was lost in the obscurity of the grove, and then gave myself up to the most desponding reflections.

The knowledge I had now obtained as to the intention of the savages deeply affected me.

Marnoo, I perceived, was a man who, by reason of his superior acquirements, and the knowledge he possessed of the events which were taking place in the different bays of the island, was held in no little estimation by the inhabitants of the valley. He had been received with the most cordial

welcome and respect. The natives had hung upon the accents of his voice, and had manifested the highest gratification at being individually noticed by him. And yet, despite all this, a few words urged in my behalf, with the intent of obtaining my release from captivity, had sufficed not only to banish all harmony and good-

so many instances of his friendly sentiments. The rest of the natives had likewise evinced their strong repugnance to my wishes, and even Kory-Kory himself seemed to share in the general disapprobation bestowed upon me.

In vain I racked my invention to find out some motive for the strange desire these people mani-

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



THE MELON HARVEST.

There is no place like the Middle East for melons. They grow on the ground, on islands, on melon patches, everywhere. From the islands they are brought over in boats to the central markets, such as the one above. Every kind is represented, cantaloupes, yellows, and green ones, too. You don't get them wrapped in paper bags, either. If you want a melon you choose the one you want and the "immaculate" trader lets you lift it and take it away. For a greengrocer's shop, nothing could be simpler than this one on Mudros, in the Aegean Sea.

will, but, if I could believe what he told me, had gone nigh to endanger his own personal safety.

How strongly rooted, then, must be the determination of the Types with regard to me, and how suddenly could they display the strangest passions! The mere suggestion of my departure had estranged from me, for the time at least, Mchevi, who was the most influential of all the chiefs, and who had previously exhibited

festated to retain me among them; but I could discover none.

Almost every country has its medicinal springs famed for their healing virtues. The Cheltenham of Type is embosomed in the deepest solitude, and but seldom receives a visitor. It is situated remote from any dwelling, a little way up the mountain, near the head of the valley; and you approach it by a pathway shaded by the most beautiful foliage, and adorned with a thousand fragrant plants.

The mineral waters of Arva Wai ooze forth from the crevices

## By HERMAN MELVILLE

of a rock, and gliding down its mossy side, fall at last, in many clustering drops, into a natural basin of stone, fringed round with grass and dewy-looking little violet-coloured flowers, as fresh and beautiful as the perpetual moisture they enjoy can make them.

The water is held in high estimation by the islanders, some of whom consider it an agreeable as well as a medicinal beverage; they bring it from the mountain in their calabashes, and store it away beneath heaps of leaves in some shady nook near the house. Old Marheyo had a great love for the waters of the spring. Every now and then he lugged off to the mountain a great round demijohn of a calabash, and, panting with his exertions, brought it back filled with his darling fluid.

The water tasted like a solution of a dozen disagreeable things, and was sufficiently nauseous to have made the fortune of the proprietor, had the spa been situated in the midst of any civilised community.

As I am no chemist, I cannot give a scientific analysis of the water. All I know about the matter is, that one day Marheyo in my presence poured out the last drop from his huge calabash, and I observed at the bottom of the vessel a small quantity of gravelly sediment very much resembling our common sand. Whether this is always found in the water, and gives it its peculiar flavour and virtues, or whether its presence was merely incidental, I was not able to ascertain.

One day in returning from this spring by a circuitous path, I came upon a scene which reminded me of Stonehenge and the architectural labours of the Druid.

At the base of one of the mountains, and surrounded on all sides by dense groves, a series of vast terraces of stone rises, step by step, for a considerable distance up the hillside. These terraces cannot be less than one hundred yards in length and twenty in width. Their magnitude, however, is less striking than the immense size of the blocks composing them.

Some of the stones, of an oblong shape, are from ten to fifteen feet in length, and five or six feet thick. Their sides are quite smooth, but though square, and of pretty regular formation, they bear no mark of the chisel. They are laid together without cement, and here and there show gaps between. The topmost terrace and the lower one are somewhat peculiar in their construction.

They have both a quadrangular depression in the centre, leaving the rest of the terrace elevated several feet above it. In the intervals of the stones immense trees have taken root, and their broad boughs stretching far over and interlacing together, support a canopy almost impenetrable to the sun. Overgrowing the greater

Continued on Page 3.

## ODD CORNER

**TORTOISESHELL** she-cats are common enough, but the toms are extremely rare—and valuable. Since 1936 there have been only seven in England. During the last 40 years, only 21 tortoiseshell tom kittens have been born in this country, and of these 11 were the property of Sir Claud Alexander, the Hordsham cat breeder. Nobody knows why tortoiseshell toms are so rare.

In 1932 there flourished at Staines a cat which jumped into the Thames every day and went for a swim, frequently catching a fish for breakfast. The Ancient Egyptians trained cats as retrievers for duck-hunting expeditions, and they also must have been good swimmers.

"Ginger" is a cat which, in 1935, became a regular church-goer at St. Etheldreda's Chapel, Ely Place, London. He had a special pew of his own, and marched into church punctually with the rest of the congregation every Sunday. There he sat patiently till the service was over, and marched sedately out again to go home to his breakfast.

Cats become greatly attached to places, and when taken on long journeys frequently walk astonishing distances home again. In 1936 a black Persian cat walked more than 100 miles from Eastbourne to Bourne-mouth. In 1937 another cat performed a similar feat in Cornwall. Science has not yet discovered how they get their bearings, particularly when they are taken away in closed cars or by train.

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in CAMPBELL, not in CHAUCER,

My second's in GUY-ROPE, also HAWSER,

My third's not in LEARNER, but in TIRO,

My fourth's in PORT SAID, but not in CAIRO,

My fifth is in TONICS, not in BRACERS,

My sixth is in CONVOYS, not in CHASERS,

My seventh's in BULLETS, though not in TRACERS.

(Answers on Page 3)

Send us your stories, jokes, drawings and ideas—help produce your own newspaper.

## JANE

### Who is it?

He was a clergyman who lived in the 17th century, and was originally a member of the High Church party. For his zeal in this connection he was appointed to a vicarage in Berkshire, where he preached the divine right of kings. On the death of the King he switched to the Church of Rome, and thus kept his job. Later he again changed his principles, and clung to the ruling power, in order to keep his place. Once more he trimmed his sails, and became a Tory. Altogether, he lived during the reigns of five monarchs, and changed his opinions with each new Government. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)









# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## Dark deed in a cellar!



## —or THE PRICE OF GREED

Goggles and Tony are back in their stride again—just two pups who are the best of pals, but have their moments! This was one of them, and it was fortunate that George Greenwell, that sleuth with the camera, was there to record this just punishment of greed. In Tony's words, "We'd been havin' fun in the cellar. I was feelin' a bit hot—so I thought I'd have a ginger beer. Well, o' course, there's Goggles eyein' me 's if he was dyin' of thirst. Abs'lute greed it was. So I think—well—if he wants some of it, he shall have it—and so he got his share—the froth!" That'll teach him.



## This England



Who wouldn't like to take this inviting road down to the thatched cottage, and take a cup of tea in the cosy little room of this retreat at Selworthy, Somerset?



### SUSAN

Paramount peach Susan Hayward, rising star whose features will assuredly be amongst those which make screen history, lends a charming picture to this page.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I lend a 'charming picture' every day—Hell!"

